I like my pussy. Sometimes I stare at it in the mirror when I'm undressing and wonder what it would look like without any hair like when I was a baby. Sometimes I sit at the edge of the bed and spread my legs. And stare into the mirror and wonder what others see. Sometimes I stick my finger in my pussy and wiggle it around the dark wetness and feel what a cock or a tongue must feel when I'm sitting on it. I pull my finger out and I always taste it and smell it. It's hard to describe it smells like a baby to me fresh and full of life. I love my pussy, it is the complete summation of my life. It's the place where all the most painful things have happened. But it has given me indescribable pleasure. My pussy is the temple of learning.

New York

Dear Johnny,

Came back from dinner early this evening. I didn't even feel like going out. Can you believe it? I guess I'm a little frustrated. Ingrid and I made plans to meet at our favorite restaurant tonight, and she showed up with some hairdresser. At first he seemed all right. But then he started saying things like "I love mom. They make me feel like I'm gonna live forever." I thought I was gonna be sick. He spent the whole evening talking about celebrities and motorcycles. I felt like I was in the movie "Shampoo" and I only had a small part.

You would have hated him. He had a tattoo of Yosemite Sam holding a blowdryer. And he kept ordering Long Island Ice Teas. Loser. I don't know what she sees in him. But she's still hung up on Ben, so I guess he is a distraction for her. Aren't I enough? He doesn't even look like he's into giving head.

She'll go home with him, he'll eat her pussy like it's an obligation, then he'll come before he even gets inside her and she'll run home to cry on my shoulder. I can read him like a book but I can't say anything to her. She never listens. I guess that's why I'm frustrated.

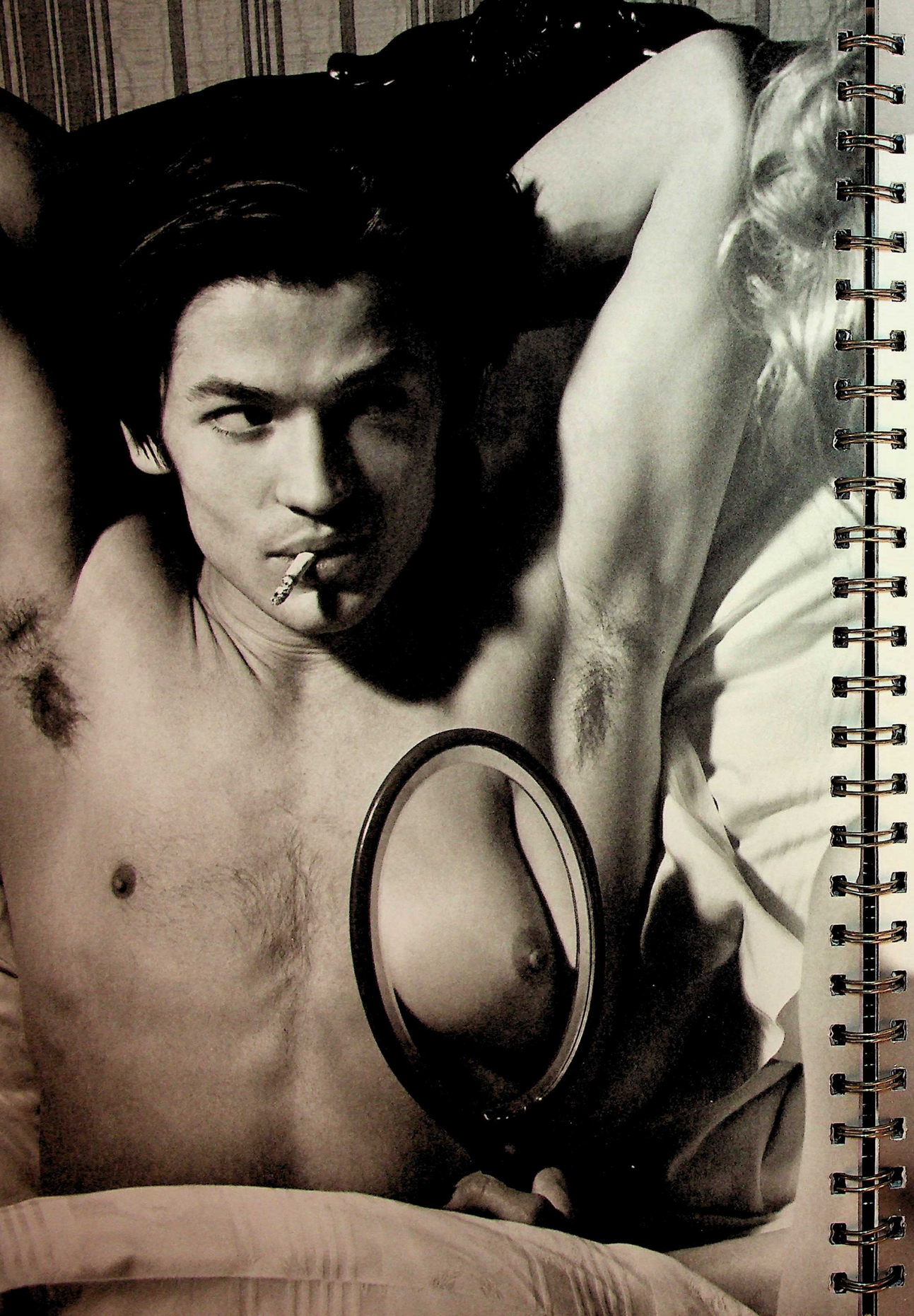
If you were here I wouldn't even care, cause you'd eat my pussy like it's an obligation you don't mind having. Do you think I'm jealous? I don't mind sharing Ingrid with you or Ben, I just hate the idea of sharing even an inch of her beautiful flesh with this Sergio Valenti character. I guess I'm selectively jealous.

So here I am, lonely and bored, waiting for you to come back from your fishing trip. Waiting for Ingrid to come back from her fishing trip. I hope she doesn't come back with crabs.

Only five more days till her birthday.

Can't wait to see you!

♡♡▷



I had sex with someone who wasn't grossly obese but he was pretty overweight. It was the first and the last time. I really liked this guy a lot. He was handsome but he was overweight. I wanted to be unbiased because I really liked him, but the only way I could fuck him was on top because he crushed me. I had to sit on him because his stomach was in the way. That must be what it's like to fuck a pregnant woman. They always say that women aren't into appearance as much as men are, but it's not true. I think women are just as moved by appearance, but they are willing to accept a situation where the man is less attractive because of the who earns the bread situation. There are so many women with the ugliest guys. I swear to God, if they didn't have money, forget it. Two hundred fifty pounds, five seven, bald, disgusting misogynist pigs. Deep down inside these women know, but they ain't gonna tell nobody. If I see someone who's not necessarily conventionally beautiful, I can still be attracted based on their intellect or whatever. But fat is a big problem for me. It sets off something in my head that says "overindulgent pig."

I will raise
you from
the ground
and without
a sound you'll
appear and
surrender
yourself to
me, to love.

of lying on a **beach**, completely naked. It's in the ill blazing but it's less cruel now. I'm slightly drunk a fly nd my body tickling my arms and face. **My skin is warm** d there is so much heat coming off my body that I must lie close to the ves can lap at me and cool my limbs. The roar of the ocean is in my ears shifting beneath me.

water comes up to my knees and sometimes up to my cunt, sulting me, then running away mischievously. My pubic hair glistens eb.

I am open. I am on display to the ly I smell heliotrope and jasmine and a shadow looms over me and there utiful girl, skin glistening with oil. Long hair and a shy smile. She m okay. She kneels down beside me but I pretend I'm sleeping and I puts her ear on my **breast** and listens. Satisfied with my heartbeat e, but her eye is caught by my ruby earrings glistening in the sun and ouch one sitting on my ear like a drop of blood.

ly grab her hand. At first she's startled but when I smile she laughs, en pretending. She doesn't move away. **She moves closer** ier soft breath on my skin. The flies are buzzing and the sky is golden intoxicating. She doesn't take her eyes away from mine.

e if I'm all right and I tell her I'm thirsty so she playfully grabs a hand- nd splashes it on my face. I pull her down on the sand with me and I she's in a fit of laughter, and before I can blink she has leaned up and **ke a naughty schoolgirl** with her soft pink lips. A starts expanding in my belly. I stare into her eyes and she is fearless.

I'm on all fours now and the sun is beating down on my back and the ng our legs. She doesn't move so I shift my weight and I'm straddling ove her, and small beads of sweat trickle off my neck. One lands on her down and lick it off. Again I am met by a penetrating stare, inviting me e. **So I lean down to kiss her lips**, alread part- each other hungrily, taking turns to explore one another's mo with teeth are like miniature pieces of china that I am feasting from. She ttle too hard and I punish her by pulling away.

s like an eternity of staring I move up over her, brushing my breasts . She grabs them with her hands, gripping them firmly and guiding my mouth one at a time. Sucking on them, licking them, biting the

enly the **wetness between my legs** has nothing to do with the athing us. My pussy is soaked from within and I want her to touch me ng. I move back to kiss her and yank up the long T-shirt she wears as a r she's wearing no underwear. Suddenly her finger finds my pussy and king me and playing with my clit and giggling.

make me come in a second if she doesn't stop and she replies.

"Good, 'cause I'm dying of thirst and I want to drink your pussy juice!" She starts t rub faster and faster plunging her finger in and out of me, sometimes tickling my ass hole. I devour her mouth, and I play with the nipples of her small, boyish breasts.

I'm just about to come and she tells me sh wants to taste me, so I crawl up to her mouth and lower my pussy on to her lips and he tongue touches my clit and she begins to suck and I am destroyed.

Her hands hold my ass as I rock back and forth on her face Strange sounds come out of my throat like a baby crying as I pour the purest part o myself into her. I fall back on the sand exhausted from the heat and the alcohol and th excitement. She tells me **how sweet my pussy tastes** and I tell he to take off her T-shirt and lie on her stomach.

tanned ass I pull myself up and stand over her, staring at her beautifu and long legs. I part her legs with my feet and marvel at th pink wetness of her pussy. Falling to my knees I wet my finger and start tickling he asshole, making little circles and occasionally biting her ass. She asks me what I'm doing and I say, "What you want me to do."

The sun is starting to set and circling seagulls have become voyeurs. M finger finds her **clit** and I rub it and she begins to moan and purr like a litt dove. "Put your finger inside me," she begs, but I tease her and say "No, first I have make an offering to the sea." I continue to spread her legs out so her asshole and pus are open wide, ready to be fucked by nature. Her back is arching and the muscles her ass are straining and she begs me to make her come, so I tell her to turn over an keep her legs spread. She does and I sit there staring at her beautiful cunt, trembling the rosy light. I crawl toward her until my nose is almost touching her and I sm deeply—the sea, the heliotrope, her animal scent that reminds me of musk and vanilla

First I kiss her inner thighs and lick **her outer lips** tasting the salt of t sea. Then I kiss her clit but very gently because it's engorged with blood and erect any cock I've ever seen.

"Suck my pussy, baby," she says to me like a prayer, and I do. I plunge m tongue into her soft wetness. Her pelvis starts gyrating and she starts to groan and m tongue goes back to her clit licking faster and faster. I take my fingers, first one then because she is so open and I finger fuck her tight little gash while sucking on her c faster and harder until she grabs the back of my head and pulls it into her pussy.

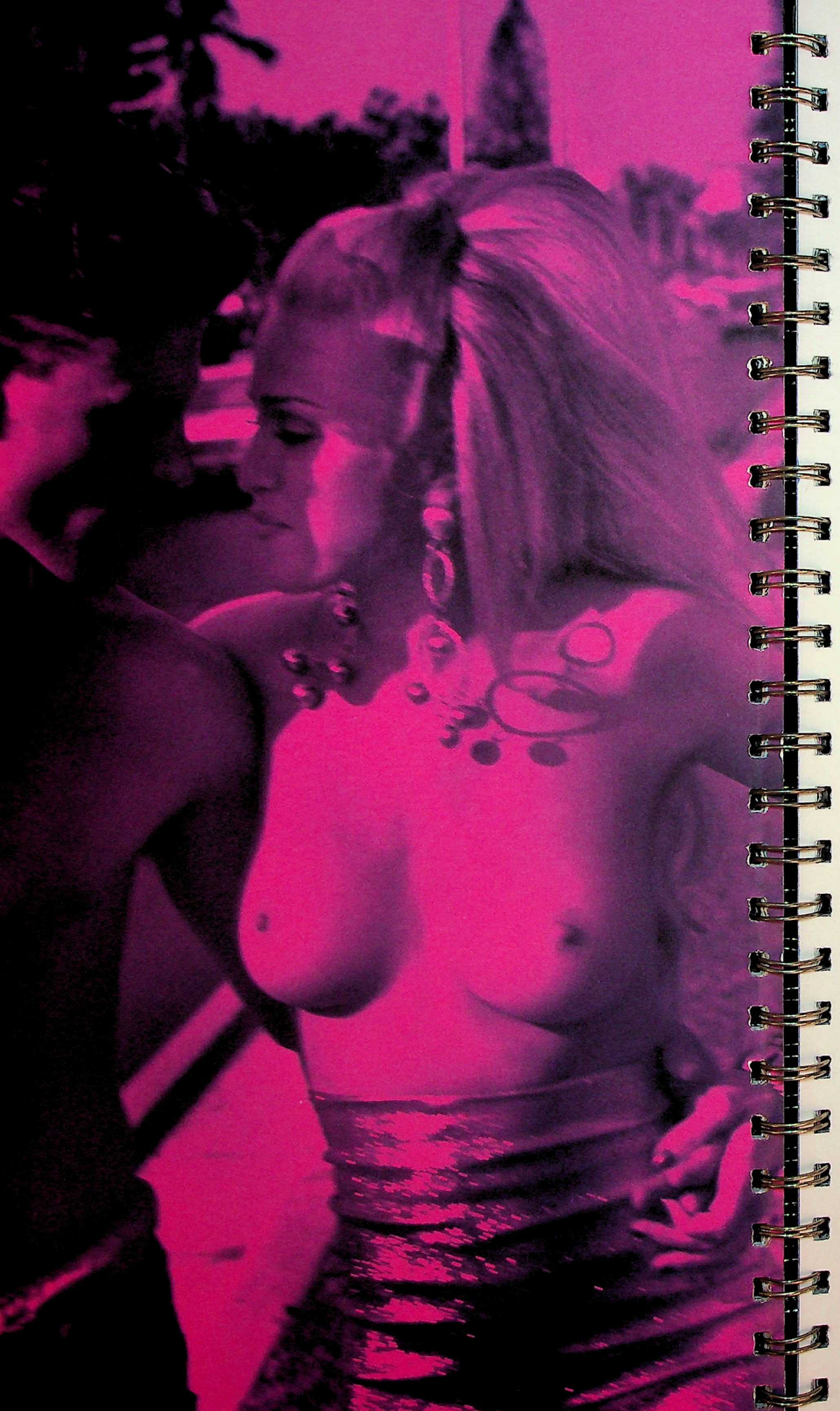
When she comes she cries out like t seagulls circling above us. Her body shudders again and again and I drink in eve drop of her sweet nectar. Then I crawl up next to her and kiss her gently, letting h taste her own pussy. She smiles and I notice she has a space in her teeth like mine. I f onto my back and look into the fantastic sky, red now but turning pink and violet.

The sky is the color of **pussy.**

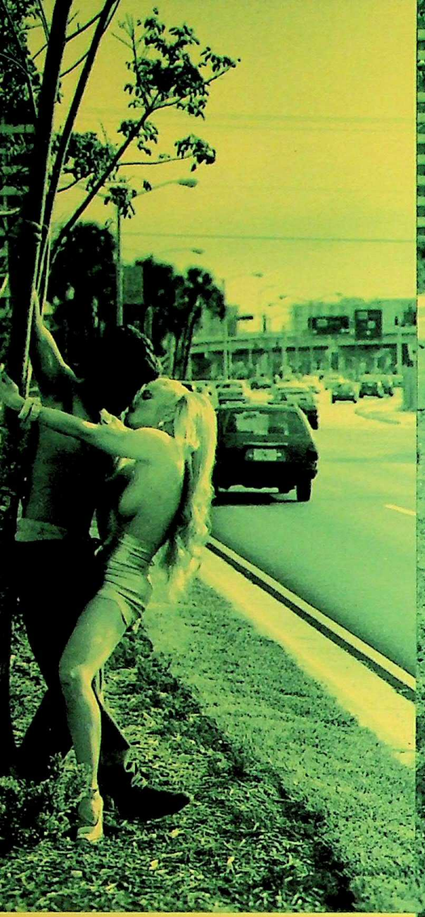
I am content.

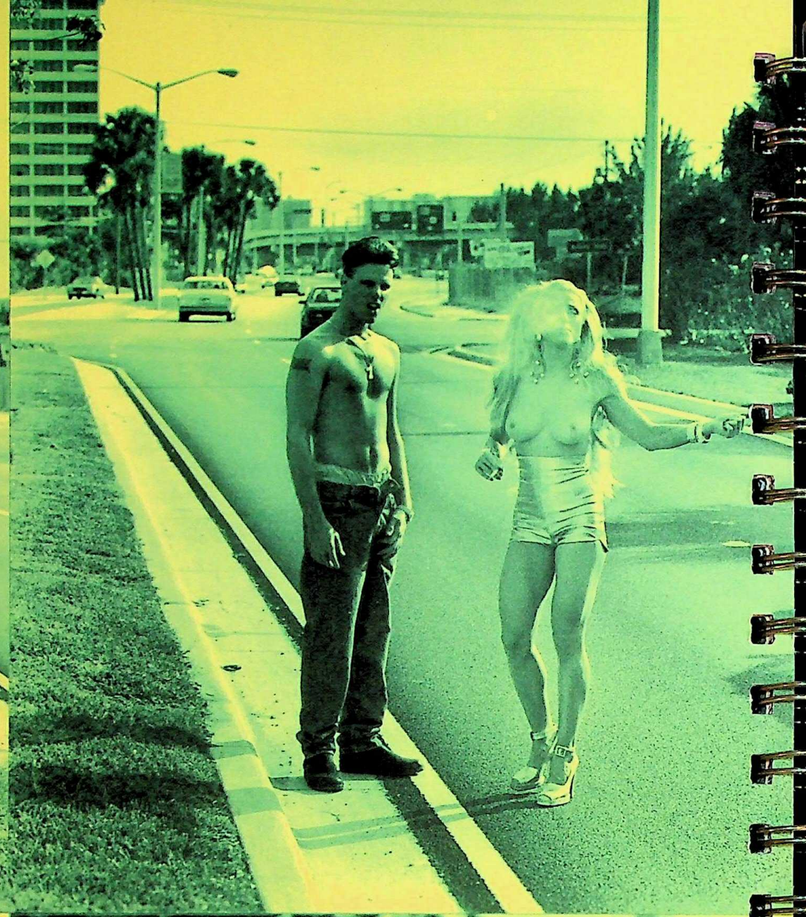
I find her hand and squeeze it.

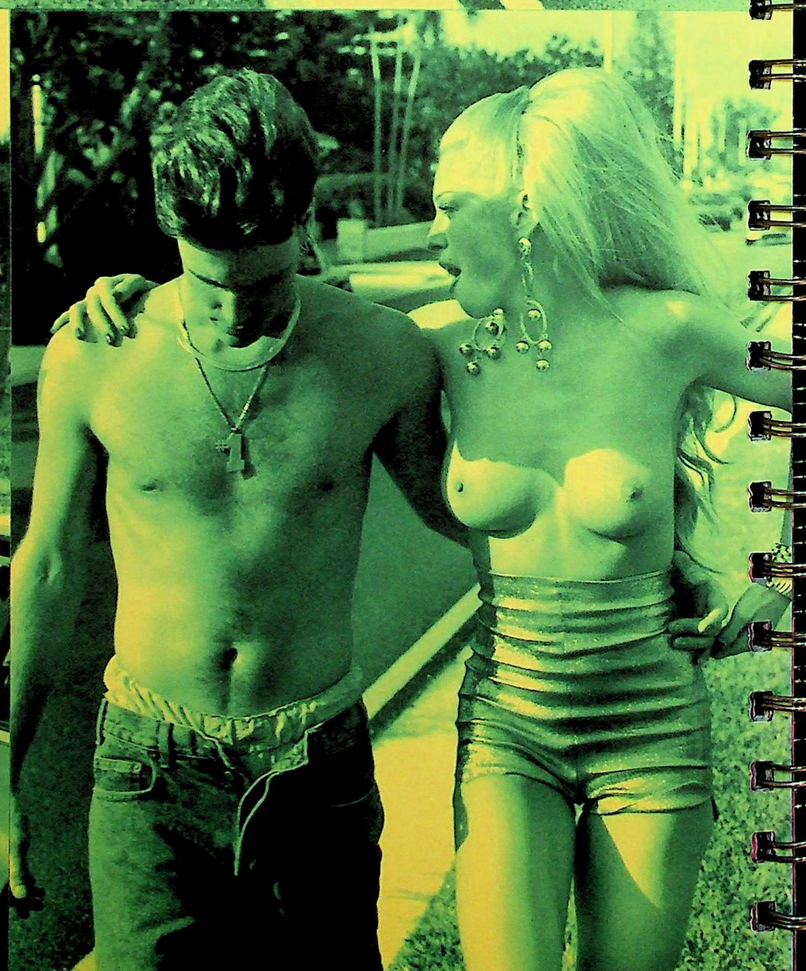
"What's your name?" I ask.

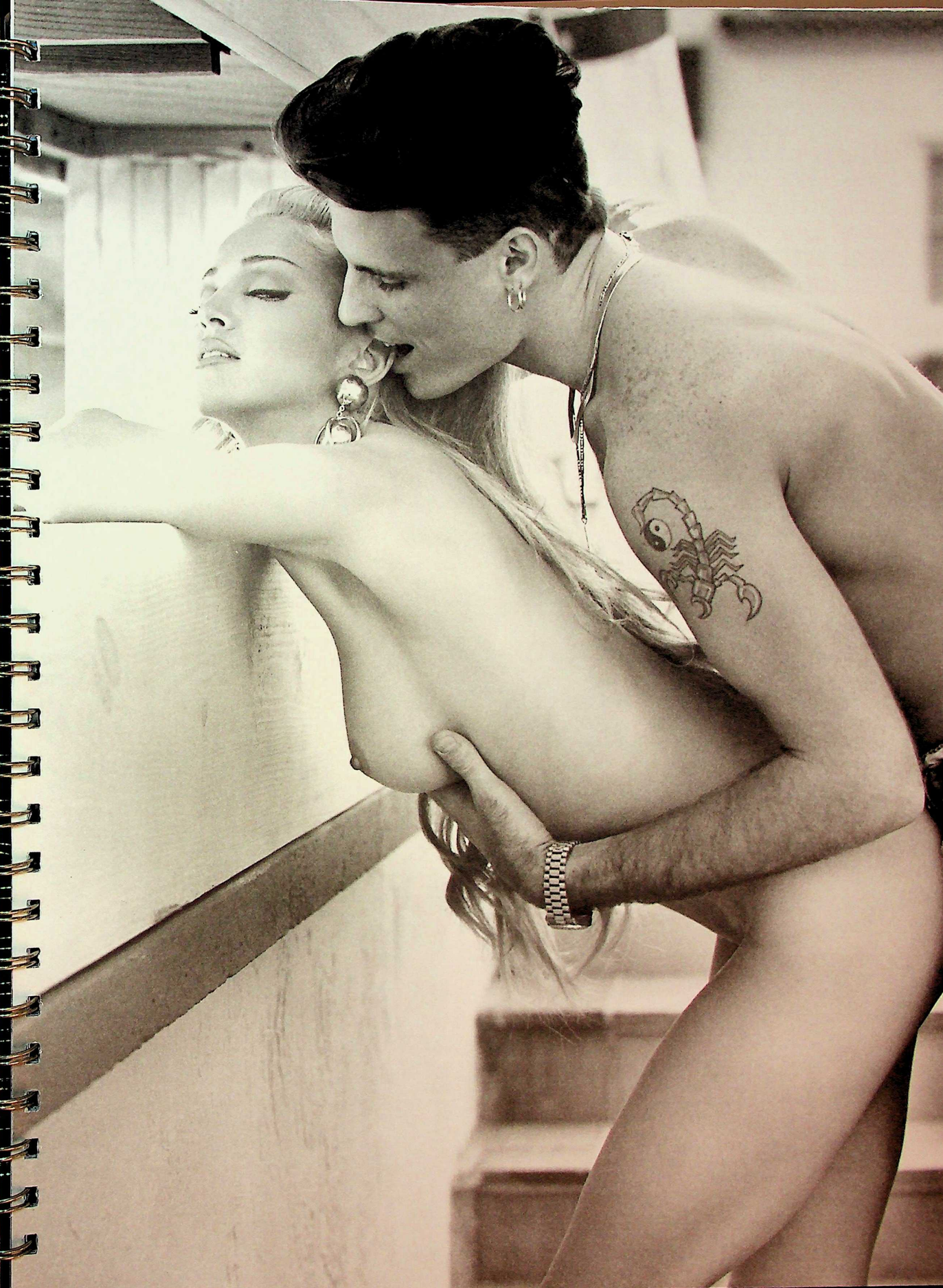


I don't think you have to have a language in common with someone to have sexual rapport. But it helps if the language you don't understand is Italian. I practically come listening to people speak Italian and I don't understand it that well. When they say, "Are you hungry? Let's go get some spaghetti," it sounds like they are coming on to you. It's really arousing. Sex can overcome the language barrier because it's all body language anyway. But if you're talking about having a long, meaningful relationship, forget it. I was really into this Italian guy and I had this fantasy about him. He lived in Rome with his mother. I sat there with a dictionary piecing together sentences and I finally realized that he was madly in love with me in three days and he wanted me to stay in Italy and marry him and have a baby right away. That wasn't too appealing, but the sex was good. Sometimes when you can't speak it kind of frees you up. They're whispering all this shit in your ear and they could be talking about the theory of relativity for all you know. They could be calling you a cunt bitch whore from hell. They could be saying, "As soon as you come I'm going to kill you," and you're yelling, "Yes! Yes!"









East Hampton

Dear Johnny

You were here for such a short time and now you're gone again. I hope you don't stay in L.A. for too long. I hear the smog is really bad and all that sun rots your brain. But you have been to keep you from going Hollywood on us, so I'm not worried. Wasn't Ingrid's party a blast? Those margaritas tasted soooo good. I lost track of how many I had, but the next day my liver reminded me.

I met when you and your friends rode up on your Harley's I want my pants. I watched you ride up from my window and I wanted to run downstairs, straddle your bike and let you eat my pussy while all your friends watched. Why do motorcycles, tattoos and dirty hands always send me to my knees? Proof that I am nothing but white trash. Do you think it's bad that I'm attracted to all your friends? ~~Do you think it's bad that I'm attracted to all your friends?~~ It makes me want to fuck you more, knowing you have such fuckable friends.

The girls were pretty fuckable too. By the time everybody arrived I had to do a Woody check. People seemed to be in such a good mood. I think the margaritas had something to do with it. I tried to be a good hostess and make sure everyones needs were met but after a few drinks I decided everyone could meet there own needs.

The D.J. you found played the best stuff. My Gucci shirt was soaked from dancing so I took it off and nobody seemed to mind. ALSO DID INGRID AND NOBODY SEEMED TO MIND. We were wearing matching Christian Dior demi-cup bras and that made me feel even closer to her. When the DJ played a slow song we got glued together and just to show Ingrid how much I love her I let her French kiss me and smear my lipstick.

You weren't jealous were you? I noticed you had your hand halfway down Juliettes pants! were you helping her tuck her shirt in? I don't blame you. She looks like she just stepped out of a Zeffirelli movie.

Did your friends have fun? Todd spent the whole night talking to a gorgeous Lesbian and Ben sneaked out halfway through ~~the~~ the evening. Who's heart was he breaking this time?

All in all I'd say the party was a great success but I was glad when everyone left and we were finally alone. You fucked me so good we cracked the toilet seat.

I saw a movie the other day where a girl sticks a ring up her lovers butt and pulls it out when he comes. Should we try this?

Miss you something awful, Hurry Back!

your devoted Nymphet Rita XX

Sex was like a game to her

like Jeopardy! or Hollywood Squares.

like Monopoly

or Trivial Pursuit.

Her body was a weapon,

not a fatal weapon,

more like a stun gun,

more like a fun gun.

She did it to remind everybody

that she could bring happiness

or she could bring danger,

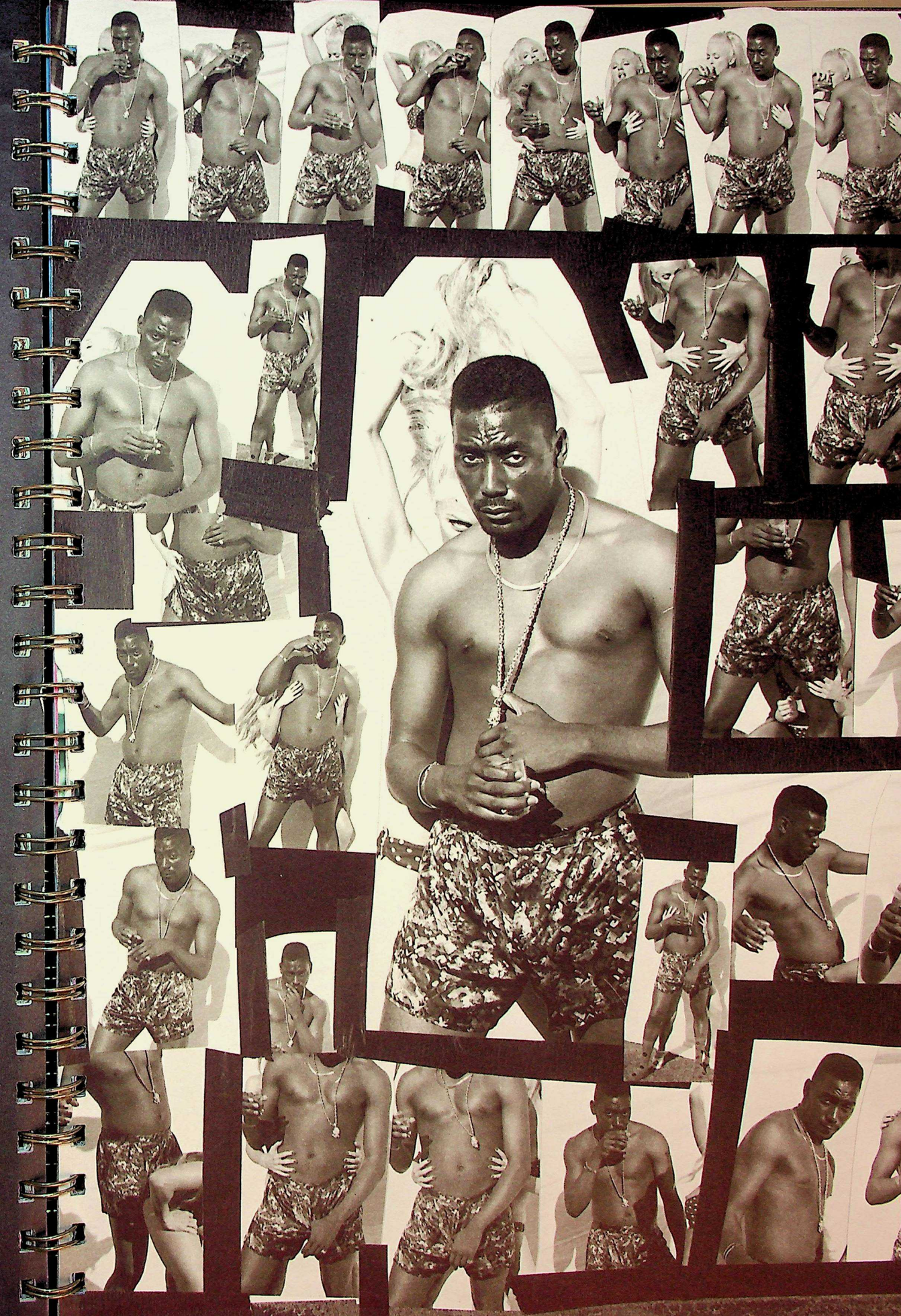
kind of like the lone ranger

only the horse she rode in on was high.

She was an avenger of the libido dead,

a sister of mercy,

our lady of head.



How do you give a good blow job?

Drink a lot of beers first

Trying on clothes in the dressing room of Ralph Lauren, Ivo took off his slacks. Looking in the 3-way mirror he realized he was hard. Could it be the lovely Cuban salesgirl who brushed up against him in the sales aisle? Could it be the hot balmy afternoon that made his clothes heavy and made the back of his neck moist? Can't Ralph Lauren afford an air conditioner? Or maybe it was the theme song from *Dr. Zhivago* filling the store. The thought of Julie Christie never failed to arouse him. In any case he stood helpless and hard, his boxer shorts protruding like a pup tent. He felt like buying a new pair of chinos but for some reason he ended up in the dressing room with everything but. Linen jackets, denim shirts and a wonderful leather belt. He took his time unbuttoning his shirt. Staring into the mirror he caught himself smiling. Suddenly, the Cuban salesgirl was near the dressing room, calling to him. "Do you need any help?" It seemed like a trick question. Her voice was deep and throaty like something was caught in it. "Oh dear." Ivo said to himself. He was tempted to answer the question in a most lascivious manner, but instead he said, "The shirts are awfully big. I'd like to try a size 38." Off she went on a hunt, leaving a trail of Giorgio behind her. Cheap perfume always aroused him. He believed that cheap cologne smelled luxurious on people with dark skin. Ivo had lost all interest in trying on clothes. Standing in his boxer shorts, he found himself dizzy from the humidity and the lurid scent. So he sat down and considered masturbating while watching himself in the mirror. Maybe he could do it before the salesgirl came back. She didn't seem to be in a hurry. The idea of her walking in as he ejaculated made him even harder. He stared at the belt he had chosen, lying on the floor. He liked it but didn't want to buy it. Belts reminded him of his father. Suddenly her voice was at the door again. "I have your size 38. Are you decent?" "Oh, if you only knew," he said to himself. Without thinking he told her to come in. She opened the door nervously and, seeing him sitting there flushed and dreamy, she tried to avoid looking in his eyes or below his waist. "It's very hot in here, I wish they'd fix the air conditioner." Her words hung in the air. He didn't respond. He just sat there staring at her. She didn't move but clutched the size 38 to her breast. Ivo could hear her breathing. He noticed she was wearing an ankle bracelet with little red stones that must have been glass. Her perfect brown toes peeked out of her sandals. He wanted to lick them. "Aren't you feeling well?" she asked."I think the heat is getting to me," he lied. "Put your hand on my forehead and tell me if I have a fever." She stepped forward, balling the crisp shirt up in one hand, and reaching out to his forehead with the other. She touched his skin lightly and felt a definite heat but couldn't tell who it belonged to. Her hand moved without instruction, first to his cheek. Then his neck, to report on the temperature there. "It's hard to tell. 'cause it's so hot in this place but I think you're normal." "Oh..." He sounded disappointed. "I hope not," he prayed to himself. He stared at her fly for a long time. Then slowly he reached out and touched the Y formed by her legs and crotch. She didn't flinch but stood there crushing the shirt into a tight ball. He pushed his finger in and out of the Y and felt moisture there. Without warning she dropped to her knees, letting the shirt fall from her hands. Her face came to rest on his lap and he stroked her cheek. She wore no makeup and her head was beautifully shaped. She had the most magnificent mouth and its proximity to his erection tormented him. As if she were reading his mind, her hand went into the leg of his shorts, found his cock, and slid it through his open fly into her mouth. He watched her suck. Her nostrils flared as her lips pulled on him, sending him far away. Shopping never felt so good. He noticed the door was open a crack but he made no move to close it. He was transfixed by this dark-haired Lolita, who worked on him so effortlessly, so innocently; he had no reason to mistrust her. Looking up at him with her lazy brown eyes, she made him feel drunk. She held the base of his cock with one hand and his balls in the other, and through the strains of "Lara's Theme" he heard little sucking sounds. Sometimes he played with her hair and sometimes he used his hands to guide her mouth on him. Her mouth . . . her mouth was genius. She knew what she was doing and she did it. Ivo caught himself in the mirror and noticed how his face glistened with sweat. "You're beautiful," he said out loud, not quite sure who he was talking to. Suddenly he felt as if he would explode. He threw his head back and moaned "Oh yes, you are so beautiful," as his blood rushed to the base of his spine. He heard his own heart pounding in his ears. His hands massaged the back of her neck as she sucked faster and faster and faster. The dam broke. And his come shot out of him in spasms, in beautiful wrenching spasms. She did not swallow it, but, half smiling, she let it run out of her mouth like a child spilling milk. "Lourdes, where are you? I need you to help some customers." A stern matronly voice came out of nowhere. She jumped up and wiped her mouth with the size 38. "You'll have to buy the shirt now. I have to get back to work." "Is your name Lourdes?" he asked. "Yes, but my friends call me Luli." She straightened herself and checked her face in the mirror, perfectly content with what she saw. He could tell she was simple and he envied her. He wanted to know her. He wanted to buy her a hot dog or a big soft pretzel. "Can I take you to lunch?" he asked. "Oh, you don't owe me anything," she replied. "Besides I have a boyfriend." With that she turned and was gone, yelling over her shoulder, "You can pay up front."

NEW YORK

Dear John

I wasn't going to write this letter but after thinking long and hard, no pun intended, I decided it was best that you know that I know.

When you came back from L.A. and I didn't hear from you I got worried, so I went to your place and when I got to the door I heard strange noises. I thought someone was being strangled. Feeling protective, I used the key you gave me and let myself in.

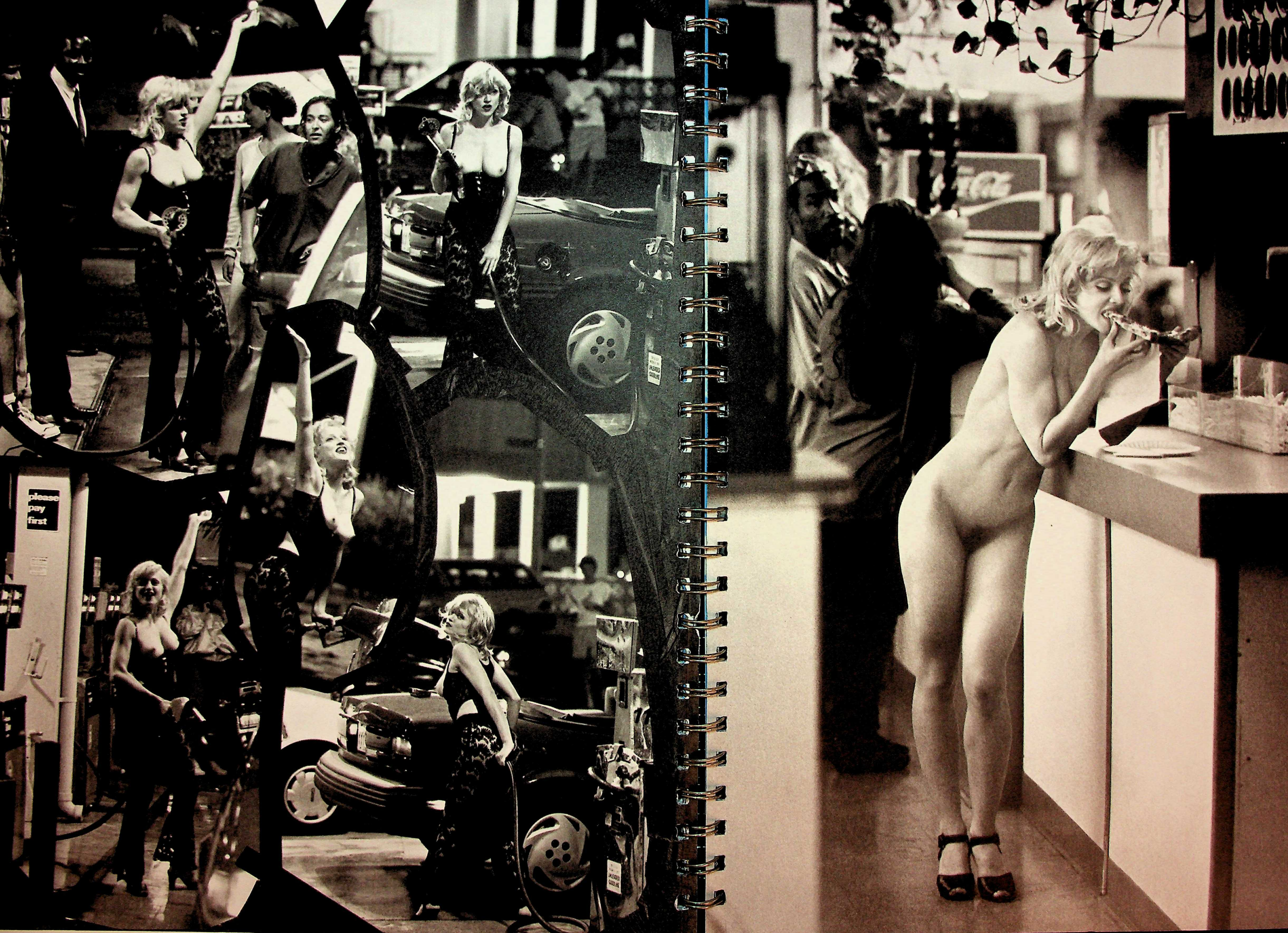
I tiptoed into the bedroom in case there was an intruder, and lo and behold someone was being strangled but not the way I imagined. Ben was kneeling in front of you and he wasn't praying. I didn't know if I was turned on or disgusted. I just knew I had to get out there.

I guess you were in your own little world. Or maybe you knew I was watching and it got you off. In any case, I think we should spend some time apart and think this thing through. Now I know why Ben was always so preoccupied. Is that what you did on those fishing trips? I didn't know Ben was holding your rod for you. Did you catch anything?

I haven't told Ingrid yet. I'm not sure how she's gonna take it. Maybe she'll ~~feel~~ feel better knowing her competition isn't another woman. As for me, I think I'm gonna be sick. Next time you want pussy, just look in the mirror.

Gone fishing

DITA


Please Pay First

Doctor: Have you ever been mistaken for a prostitute?

Dita: Every time anyone reviews anything I do, I'm mistaken for a pros

A lot of people
are afraid to say
what they want.
That's why
they don't get
what they
want.

MAVERICK

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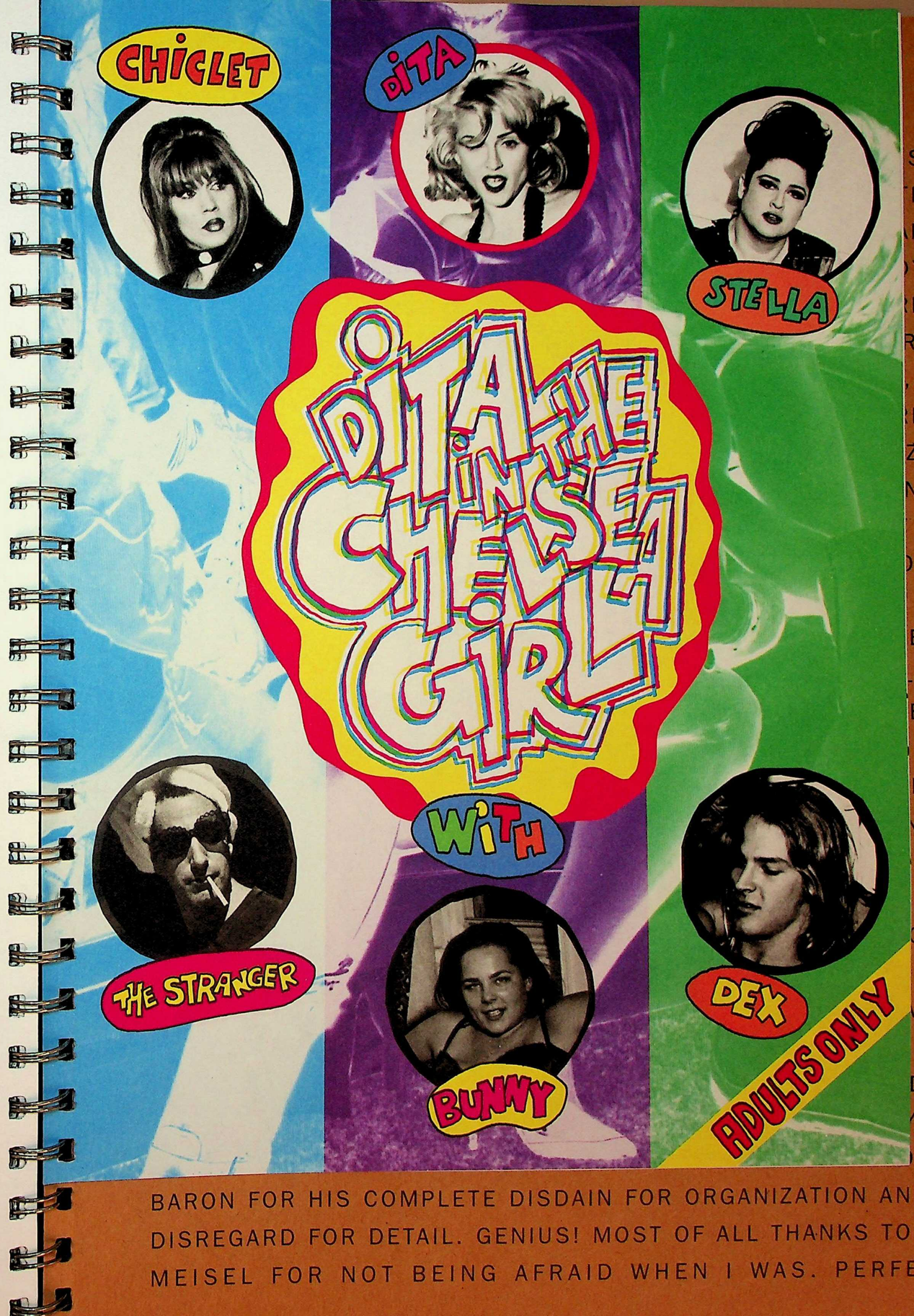

Pro

Ivan Won

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Special T

Bill Robinso

Debra M

Frederick's of

Giorgio St. Ange

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S

It started innocently enough. My old boyfriend Dex was in town with his band the Devil's Disciples, staying at the Chelsea Hotel.

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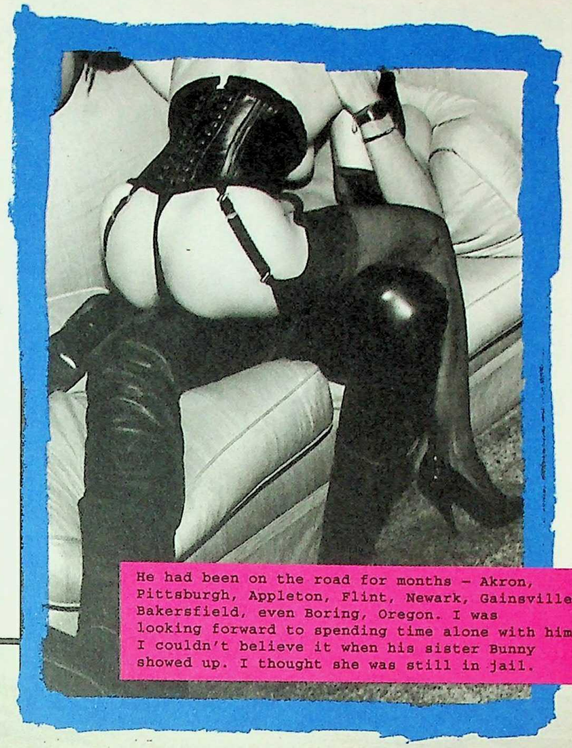

He had been on the road for months – Akron, Pittsburgh, Appleton, Flint, Newark, Gainsville, Bakersfield, even Boring, Oregon. I was looking forward to spending time alone with him. I couldn't believe it when his sister Bunny showed up. I thought she was still in jail.

If that wasn't bad enough, she showed up with Chiclet – a go go dancer Bunny met at the halfway house. I think they were on something.
I'M CHICLET. I'M A CANCER. I'M MOODY.
I'M DEX. I'M POWERLESS OVER ALCOHOL.
I JUST WANT TO BE ALONE.

Chiclet kept asking me questions. "Where did you get your bustier? Where did you get your gloves?" When I wouldn't tell her she tried to rip them off me.

BARON FOR HIS COMPLETE DISDAIN FOR ORGANIZATION AND DISREGARD FOR DETAIL. GENIUS! MOST OF ALL THANKS TO S MEISEL FOR NOT BEING AFRAID WHEN I WAS. PERFEC

Ivan V
Special
Bill Robin
Debra
Frederick's c
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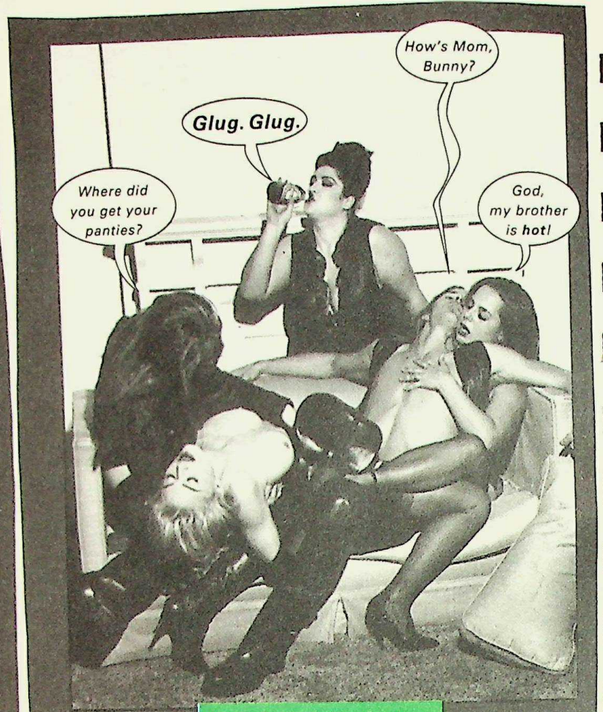
Everybody wanted to party so we called the deli and ordered a couple six packs. They came with a bruiser named Stella.



When we came up short Stella decided to join the party and she helped herself to the beer.

Everyone was being so friendly. Dex was in a good mood for once.

I even started warming up to Bunny.

I grabbed a big hunk of her hair and pulled her off of him.

I slugged her as hard as I could. She fell backward laughing. I think she was on something. Dex was excited to see us fighting over him.

The next thing I knew I was on the floor. She had me pinned.

Meanwhile Stella opened the closet and a body fell out, breaking up the fight.

BARON FOR HIS COMPLETE DISDAIN FOR ORGANIZATION AND
DISREGARD FOR DETAIL. GENIUS! MOST OF ALL THANKS TO ST
MEISEL FOR NOT BEING AFRAID WHEN I WAS. PERFECT

As Stella stuffed the body back in the closet, I realized life was too short to worry about Dex and Bunny.
So I kicked back and Chiclet started telling jokes she'd heard in the slammer
This song is called "Devilled Ham."
I said to the bartender, "Give me something tall, cold and full of rum." He said, "How about my wife?"
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That's rich.
This song is called "Feel My Gun."
What is that smell?
What have I done?
Where did you get your ass?
We finished the beer. Stella went back to work and Chiclet and Bunny fell out, leaving me and Dex with some privacy. Sort of.
Finally everybody left. Even you.
CONTINED NEXT MONTH

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